Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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The following song, composed for the occasion of the meeting of the late celebrated Scots at St. Andrew, by the St. Andrew's Society of Savannah, Ga. It is almost one of the best Burns song.

"Thistle Bloom."

TUNE—"*Should Auld Acquaintance.*"

Should Scotia's emblem be forgot?
Should merry'n scant a cheer?
Should we but sons remember not
The Thistle's bonnie bloom?
CHORUS.
The Thistle's bonnie bloom my freens
The Thistle's bonnie bloom,
We'll toom a stoup this gladsome night
To Thistle's bonnie bloom.

Tho' far frae hame an' native lan,
Our hearts shall feel no gloom,
While here wi' ane a wee social clan
To sang "The Thistle Bloom."
CHORUS.
The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

We lov hir glene, her braes, her burns,
Her heather and her broom,
Sae must our auld far country yearns,
At sight o' Thistle bloom.
CHORUS.
The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

Then wi' ae onsil to Scotia's grole,
Wyslest mirth an' sang gae roun,
Yet nobler feelings warm the blood,
Inspired by Thistle bloom.
CHORUS.
The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

We bid the thistle widow turn,
Her eyes frae lair all the tonish,
We bonh the wad o' Scotish bairn,
Taught by thee, "Thistle bloom."
CHORUS.
The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

Then sing ye chiels wie' heart and soul,
And bid nae bodh the tune,
Sae lodge tell it to the pole,
And praise thee, "Thistle bloom!"
CHORUS.
The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

REFLECTIONS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR.

With what an astonishing celerity do the vicissitudes come and go! Our days, months and years, innumbered, and pilgrims in this lower world, are rapidly tending to the narrow house, appointed for all the living. We are now brought to the threshold of another year, and as it is opened to us with so much mercy, our hearts should pulsate with gratitude to Him, who is the author and the source of all the blessings which crown our days. Whatever may befall us, we are grateful, yet there are not those lively sensations of gratitude, which should fill our hearts; we do not feel sufficiently that language has so munificently supplied our various wants, and administered to our comfort. How little observing of the least of God's mercies, and how undeserving, yet ungrateful, magnifies the forbearance of our God, and manifests the wisdom of God lavish his favours upon us in vain! Are his blessings know of no bound? shall we be the recipients of his goodness, and shall we be averse to gratitude, will they not be deeply impressed upon our minds? shall we be a sacrifice to ingratitude, will they not be deeply impressed upon our minds? shall we be guilty of such guilt? "who are we, or what are their friends," that we should be so thankfully distinguished, whilst so many of our fellow creatures are suffering, and are the victims of poverty and distress? why should our hearts be so mindful of his unnumbered mercies, and so insensible of his blessed favour from him, when he is the author and our friend, and his sympathies are ever active to our wants and our welfare? Oh my soul be thou astonished at thy indifference; awake, awake all my powers, and call forth the song of praise to thy God.

Oh let my heretofore insensible heart be filled with love and gratitude, and my tongue with his loving kindness; let my knee bend with profound reverence, and his praise be unceasingly heard from my lips. Then at the end of this year, to come and serve; he has sustained me for his glory; he has preserved me with sufficient capable of knowing and fearing, love and serving him; therefore yield to him all thy powers and let *holiness to the Lord* be written upon them! How propitious the season; how favourable the moment to make such a declaration! His temporal mercies claim our love and adoration of him, independently of the transcendent display of his rich, unmerited love towards us, by the death and sacrifice of his dear son for our salvation! Blessed be his name, he freely hope has thereby been translated from the kingdom of darkness into that of his dear son! What a return can we make for love so amazing—so divine? A rescue from eternal death! A hope of a blissful immortality! Incomprehensible—inestimable salvation! it demands our souls—our lives—our all. Let them then be a consecration of all that we have and are; let all our interests be committed into his hands, knowing that while we implicitly confide in him, we shall be safe; he will securely lead us through the devious path of life; he will "make all our paths in our sickness;" when disease has consumed our frames and prostrated our powers, when stretched on the bed of languishing and death will be deprived of his sting, heaven will open to our enraptured view, and emanation of glory will beam upon our ravished eyes, and sweet anticipation of a blissful, happy immortality, will cheer our fainting, trembling spirits. "Blessed is that man whose God is the Lord!" Blessed is that man who has tasted of his grace, and whose soul rejoices in hopeful glory. Soon will faith be turned to sight, his every pain shall be turned into pleasure, and the cross shall be exchanged for a crown. Immortality—eternal life, transporting—blissful—pleasing theme! Shall this mortal, now bound in its prison-house of clay be released from its chains? shall it burst its fetters and soar to everlasting bliss—bathe in an ocean of immortality! Incomprehensible, pleasures! Yea, my soul, thy days shall soon be accomplished on earth, the hour of thy departure shall soon be at hand, and thou wilt be speedily crowned in the kingdom of thy Redeemer.

At the commencement of a new year, a retrospect of the past and, with reference to the future, renew thy vows unto God, to be his forever, his for eternity; cast off every thing which will enable you to live to his glory, and emphatically lead a life of piety, and virtue on earth, to be enjoyed a foretaste of the fruition of God; then will thy soul be ravished with pleasures, the most refined and exquisite, which will visit thy bosom with which angelic lessons glow; then will be experienced a peace, which passes all understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away; then while thy days glide sweetly away, and thy bosom is animated with the joyful hope of eternal happiness, in the life which is to come. M. W.

We feel a peculiar pleasure in not being able to offer our readers an original poem from the pen of that accomplished American female, Miss Hannah F. Gould, of Newburyport. For it is not unfrequently that we receive one of the enclosed poems, which increases the chances of its rejection, and we believe it to rank among the best effusions of her pen. We are happy to add that our readers are not to be occasionally granted with either poems or prose from the same gifted writer.

THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Come Grandfather, since you carried your gun
To the field where America's freedom was won
Or how your out sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men
And how you bid with the blade wherein it lay,
While the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die?"

The prattler had stirr'd in the veteran's breast,
The embers of fire that had once been at rest.
The blood of his youth rush'd anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his early campaigns—
His patriots battles at once fading o'er,
With the smoke of conflict in the eye of forescore.

I carried my gun, boy, as one that should be
That loosed fr. m the hold of the dead at the foot;
I fearlessly lif ed that trusty old sword,
In the hand of an arm that was strong from the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame, freely, I fed,
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt.

"My blood sprinkled warm upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green hill bore it to the far-down I trod.
From the Fort on the Hudson our arms I threw wide,
The proud coming sail of the *Sue* to arrest.
I stood at Yorktown, the Lafayette with Washington,
And offer'd for freedom to empty my veins.

"Dost now ask me, child, since these hearts where I've been
Why my brow is so furrow'd, my locks white and thin—
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties, and shun bright as thine;
Or why so unstable the limbs that I bear,
Who born, sixty years since,' such perils for thee?

"What! nothing so quick? are the tears going to start!
Come! lean the young head on thy grandfather's heart.
It has not much longer to plow with the pen,
I feel, then to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
But when, in earth's course, I have ceased to be cold,
A man bear in mind what, a babe, then art told?"

From A Lisson's Casket.

The Legend of Buck Island.

"Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty power,
"Witches, and ghosts, who rove at midnight hour."

"Lay her in the earth,
"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
"May violets spring!" HAMLET.

I am a Virginian born—a native of that oldest and loveliest of the United States that form the easternborad of our Union. How many long and weariesome years have been added to the "Dome beyond the flood," since I wandered light of limb and fancy, free over the breezy hills of my birthplace in the fair and fertile peninsula county of Albemarle! I left it when life was young,

"And hope beat high within my beating breast,"

and have since had to endure a style of life, while most intermediate scenes and events are wholly forgotten, or become recollections dim and indistinct, and transient as fleeting dreams of the night, my early memories prove themselves imperishable, and are constantly about me in fresh and vivid array, as if they were things of but yesterday. I have had the misfortune to be capable and plain as the forms around me, the companions and haunts of those golden days—the magestic mountain, the eternal forest, solemn as the awe-inspiring as the sacred groves of the Druids, deepened to primeval solitude and darkness, save when a momentary stream of sunshine chanced to pour down its light over the leaves as the wild deer crossed bounding and rustling through the green wood shade,—

"Every alley green,
"Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
"And every bosky bourn from side to side,"

with all the softer charms of sylvan spring and summer—the rippling streams, with pictures, of such quiet and poetic beauty as dwelt of yore beside Arcadian hill or dale, but are now still fondly remembered with each simple history and legend thereunto belonging—and eagerly imbibed and cunningly treasured by the boyish eye palp

S. H. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, January 4.

Appointments by the Mayor.

City Solicitor—Edward Otwell.
City Commissioners—Julius Dreppy, President; William Canning, Jonathan Thom, Thos. Hunter.
City Clerk—Robert H. Smith.
Clerk of Police—John B. Kinney.
High Constables—Wm. M'Cleese, Wm. H. Binney, Wm. F. Garrigues, William Mackey.
Inspectors of Provisions and Fuel—Robert Patterson, James M'Intire.
Clerks of High Street Market—Peter Conrad, James Keyser.
Clerk of Second Street Market—John Burton.
Clerk of City Wards—Robt. R. Bell.
Centers at Draw-bridge—Jacob Lawrence, Thos. Dungan.

The appointments under the new Police Ordinance, will be announced in a few days.

A house in Chester street, was entered by a thief, on Christmas Eve, while the family were at church, and bed of property to the value of from fifty to one hundred dollars. The thief is believed to have been a disappointed girl. An attempt of a like character was made the same evening, in a house in the Northern Liberties, which was also left in the dark, but was rendered unsuccessful by the bravery of a little girl, in calling assistance.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—We regret to state that the alarm of fire, about 11 o'clock last evening, originated in the extensive establishment of Messrs. Bullock and Dunn, in Front street near Poplar Lane. It commenced in the premises near the river, and swept from thence to the building on the corner from that to the same building on Front street. The loss to the proprietors must be considerable.

DEPRECIATION ON STOCKS

The derangement of the money market is forcibly exemplified in the unreasoned depreciation in the price of stocks. The Courier and Enquirer of Saturday gives the following list:

Import in last week of the

Erie and Trust Co. were agreed to at 160 now at 139
Mohawk and Hudson Rail Road at 126 do 101½
Delaware and Hudson Canal do at 125 do 99
Boston and Providence Rail Road at 111½ do 91
Stonington do at 110 do 90
Harlem Rail Road Company at 93 do 80
N. O. Canal Bank at 112 do 80½
N. O. City Bank at 111½ do 103½

THE STEAM.—We observe by the last Railway Advocate, that considerable damage was done to the harbor by the ice and tide last week. A house was also carried down to Jersey City, and a child killed. Much damage and squeamish was supposed to have been done on Staten Island, principally on the East side. A number of houses on the Island of New York were also severely frost bit. Much damage was done at South Williamsburgh; it is reported that the Battery, Governor's Island, and the Fleet, is swamped.

New Monthly Magazine.

Counting House Almanac FOR THE YEAR 1836

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
JANUARY.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
FEBRUARY.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29					
MARCH.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
APRIL.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
MAY.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
JUNE.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
JULY.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST.							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
SEPTEMBER.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
OCTOBER.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
NOVEMBER.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
DECEMBER.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	

Sir Isaac Newton was once riding over Salisbury Plain, when a boy herding sheep called to him, "Sir, Sir, you must alight, or your horse will get a fall." "Indeed!" Newton, looking round and observing nothing of danger, spoke to his horse, trotted on, and in a very little series of the rustic's intermission. He had made but a few miles, when a storm, suddenly coming, drove him to the alehouse. Surprised at the circumstances, and determined, if possible, to learn how so ignorant a boy had such knowledge, he inquired of him whether of which the worst philosophers would be found, he told him he saw it by the flight of birds. "Very well," said Newton, "you must alight with his discovery.

REASONS, Pa., Dec. 28.

A LITTLE AFTER 9 P. Dec. We have been a long time in existence on record, of the foolishness and ingenuity of this noble animal, one of a striking character which occurred in this place last week, in the vicinity of this place. On Friday evening last, some wretch stole a quantity of corn in the ear, the property of a gentleman of this place, who lives on right side and a rail of another as well as West of Penn's Creek, but which is not material to the matter. Then in possessing a "gay new dog," was probably borrowed or was many years. Little suspecting that the dog was destined to cross the chicken yard and make him aware. "He snuck around the premises in a miserable manner, and was as much as a lord, and had not proceeded above half a mile from the house, when he was overtaken by some citizens on the outside of the turnpike road, to sleep off the effects of corn rum. While he lay in this dangerous situation, the dog was discovered, and most cruelly and fiendishly have pressed over his body, had it not been for the timely arrival of a house dog, who, by his barking, roused the master, and was then watching over his property. The dog, on the discovery of the dog, fled to the woods, and by his barkings turned the people in the field, and caused the villain to pass through the fence, and run for his life. The dog, in the meantime, pursuing an object lying in the road which he found to be a human, gave notice of the circumstance, and he was finally reached home, when some good Samaritan, seeing him in danger of being run over by some one, and seeing him from the dangers of his home, and seeing him from the dangers of his home, and seeing him safely upon the road, he finally got his stretched close beside his body.—*Bird's Journal.*

RENEGADE'S PRESENTATION.—The Emma, of Harwich, George Fisher, master, on voyage to Gothenburg, with 200 tons of coals, struck on Bank's sands. Finding that it would be impossible to get her off, the crew left her, and put some hands on board, which was soon done, and put some hands on board, which was soon done, and put some hands on board, which was soon done

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected by the Philadelphia Evening Post, by Peter T. Buck, Broker, No. 84 South Third street.

FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1834.

ASHES.		Sugar, 1833. No. 20	70
Pots	5 12½	Sugar, 1833. No. 12	70
Pearls	5 12½	Sugar, 1833. No. 10	70
COFFEE.		Sugar, 1833. No. 9	70
Rio, No. 1	10	Sugar, 1833. No. 7	70
Do. No. 2	9	Sugar, 1833. No. 6	70
Do. No. 3	8	Sugar, 1833. No. 5	70
Do. No. 4	7	Sugar, 1833. No. 4	70
Do. No. 5	6	Sugar, 1833. No. 3	70
Do. No. 6	5	Sugar, 1833. No. 2	70
Do. No. 7	4	Sugar, 1833. No. 1	70
Do. No. 8	3	Sugar, 1833. Loaf	70
Do. No. 9	2	Sugar, 1833. Lump	70
Do. No. 10	1	Sugar, 1833. Powdered	70
Do. No. 11	0	Sugar, 1833. Crushed	70
Do. No. 12	0	Sugar, 1833. Brown	70
Do. No. 13	0	Sugar, 1833. Brown	70
Do. No. 14	0	Sugar, 1833. Brown	70
Do. No.

Vanity—the curse of folly.
Want—given to all the throwers.

THE HISTORIC PHYSIOGNOMIST.

He looked at the sky, and he looked at the land,
And he looked at the waters around him;
He looked at the sun, and he looked at the moon,
And he looked at the stars that surround them;
He looked at the clouds that were floating through the sky,
And he looked at the birds that were flying;
And he said, as he looked, 'Tis the Judgment day.

Ahab! Ahab! watch the prying sheep,
Don't you see how he looks at them?
Don't you know he's come to steal the fleece?
Ahab, what a good for fury tell,
Don't Master look like Judgment day?
He'll come—he'll come—the Judgment day.

The old maid by in her sleeping bed,
Had a thousand curlers twisted in her head,
Of beaux and parties she dreamed in her sleep,
By the time the morning dawned to peep.
Polone! Polone! Polone!
Don't you see how he looks like Judgment day?

The orchin waked by the air around
Which the old maid's curlers made,
As he saw the monster shoving him,
He shrieked, he'd no Master Jemmy! Mamma!
Get up, Mamma! oh! get up and pray,
The world's in flames—'tis the Judgment day.

The bear man looked on the blue expanse,
And a thousand answers met his glance,
Well! the answer to the feeling—Pit darkens!
He saw it seemed "in a white man there,
Then, I wish him to witness with me,
That I'm innocent I mean 'tis the Judgment day."

The wise man gazed on the beautiful light
Coolly and calmly, with joyous delight,
And he thought with a truly feminine pause
As he thought of his great Creator's ways,
That he'd see it all the same day
For he thought not once 'twas the Judgment day.

QUARANTINE FOR A SCHOOLMASTER.—The country regulator for a country schoolmaster is sometimes put in the most ludicrous predicaments enough, and have been by wags made subjects amusive of amusement. But we have to-day to record an accident which occurred at the inquiry into the moral character of a pedagogue, who was a candidate for business perhaps. A gentleman is reported to have answered the committee that he had been a schoolmaster for a long time, and had never known any thing against him. The committee could produce no testimonials that he had a good character. Well I declare! I have always thought you a most notorious villain! Here, you fellows, take him away!" "But you belong to my church!" "Do you? Then you're a rascal!" "But I'm on the committee, Sir!" "No matter," said the teacher, "notwithstanding, you're a rascal, and I'll be d—d if you're not!"

TO PAY TAX.—A country fellow was passing down Wellington street the other day, when a wag threw his hat into the river, and set up a howling scream and sung out, "Hallo, there, Squire, when did you come down?" Jonathan cast his eyes up at the window, and replied, "I guess, you'd better take up your hand, folks will think you keep a slaughter house, if you don't mind your eye." "Do you belong to any church?" "Yes, I'm a tribe in the troop, up in Vermont." "Indeed!"

TO PAY INTEREST.—A rich bacon widow, of a certain village in the state of Pennsylvania, became enamored of a young gentleman, a yankee pedler, with whom she was in the constant habit of trading, when, one fine afternoon she had the luck to find him at home, and took occasion to make a formal declaration from the trembling lover, and told him she knew every one in the village, and had understood to introduce the theme herself, and that she presumed he knew her custom that he had long been in the habit of trading with her, and that she was now ready to pay interest in the way of matrimony. The young man, who was somewhat astonished at the proposal, after begging her to excuse him, and pledging himself for their respect, "Alas, madam!" replied he, "when I came the first only, I fear that you will be disappointed in your expectations." "Fear not, my dear," she replied, "I assure you that I am sure to be happy with a wife, in her affections, virtues and accomplishments, for many years to come, and make her mistress of a comfortable habitation, and you, yourself possess a retail store, the profits of which will support her genteelly." The widow replied sweetly—"well, I will consent to the proposal, and be glad to get it on a credit, for I have no money."